WHY NEW DRESSES AND NEW BONNETS COME WITH THE FLOWERY MONTH.

An Ardent Detender of Women who Love Adornment-Pat Donan Again Riding the High Horse of Metaphor-Praising the Splendid Entterfles of Lafty Fachion. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: May, loveliest month of all the twelve fleet-footed elsters, comes dancing over hill and vale, scatbeauty and brilliancy wherever she passes. The flutter of her many-colored gauzy like the dazzle of ethereal kaleido-

scopes. Her artist fingers weave mantles of spring's brightest tintings for the woods and fields. Earth dons her gorgeous appparelling of hundred-hued tapestry. The forests and orchards, rejoiding in their new outfits of endlessly varied and perfumed toggery, toss their heads jauntily, swing their long arms, bend, scrape, chuckle, and put on as many airs as dandles at a rural ball. The red bud blushes at the ardent wooing of the warm young sephyr. The peach trees and myrtles, in their delicate drapery of soft pink crape, flutter and simper with coquettish delight at the whisperings of the south breeze. The cherry and plum, in their sweet, white robes of Deitywoven lace. look like fair young brides decked for their wedding-or shrouded for their burial, which

you please. There is often little difference. All nature invites to fresh, bright costumery. Ten thousand dry goods merchants and mil-liners abiy and tastefully second the tempting liners ably and tastefully second the tempting invocation; and our radiant American girls, peeresses of any realm, are not slow to accept the welcome bid. The dimity, calico, cambrid, silk, volvet, lace, flower, feather, and flubilablery trade is rushing, with swift, resistless wheels, onward and upward, temperarily crushing out everything else. Lawns, chinizes, cashmeres, saeques, polonaises, pinbacks, and half-crinolines have swallowed up elections. Congressional investigations that never investigate, rascal hunts by other rascals, labor strikes by loafers who never labored except with their chins, riots, swindles, and squabbles. Poplins, muslins, foulards, organdles, pleues, bareges, and sliks have dimined the lustre of civil service reforms and wrangles. Presidential and Senatorial piots, tricks and tickets, Territorial divisions and admissions, fluctuations of stocks and statesmen, and the resurrection of Jeffersonian simplicity and the Goddess of Liberty. Domestics, paniers, patent inflatable gunjun-rubber bustles, monogram garters, and loves of bonnets have, like universal fings of truce, silenced even the church feuds, and half our population are thinking more of what they shall wear to church than of what they shall hear when they get there.

Our stores are respiendent with everything needful to catch the eyes, turn the heads, and empty the pockets of "heaven's last best gifts to men." All over the land, in palace and cabin, womanity is busy with the work of adornment. On every hand are heard the clip, clip of impatient scissors and the whirr of restless sewing machines. Tiny gaiter boots go tripping from store to store, from milliner's to mantuamaker's. Eager consultations with modistes, hurried visits to weary slaves of the lamp and needle, and a ceaseless pattering to mantuamaker's. Eager consultations, Gidding hither and thither and you, the bright creatures of the upper spheres, the feminine paradise birds of a world that would be a desert of hairy satyrs without them, are all absorbed in the task invocation; and our radiant American girls,

the appie blossoms of the orchards, and the primroses by the river's brim: and right royally does she improve the sacred forty days and forty nights.

And, as usual, the chorus of masculine croakers are promptly ready with their discordant caterwauling of vilification, slander, and studd lampoonery. The every-season how goes up. Yanity, vanity, woman's folly, feminine frivolity, extravagance, absurdity, painted idiots, gandy and gliddy butterfiles."

Tut, tut! Shame on the chronic grumblers and growlers, these blashemers of the beautiful, these perpetual fault finders with earth's only redeeming features, these would-be extinguishers of the last faint gleam of heavenly radiance that lingers amid the gloom of a sinand-ugliness cursed world to tell us of humanity's high origin. I want to swing a cudget in behalf of the dear girls, the women beloved and abused. Injured innocence and loveliness demand a vindicator, and I propose, for a few minutes, to play the role of club manipulator.

Here, you mustard-seed-souled carlcature on manhood, you hide-bound, humbuggerous buriesque on the Maker's image, ever whining over the ruinous extravagance of your wife or daughter, you are yourself a moderate drinker" and a smoker. How many cigars do you guzzle, every day the sun rolls over your despicable head? Three cigars at ten cents each, and three drinks at lifteen—that is a low estimate, is it not? And yet it amounts to 75 cents a day; £22.50 for every month of thirty days: £23.75 a year—far more, in all probability, than she who calls you husband or father expends for her whole years costuming, squandered on two of your innumerable pitful vices. You are a pretty biped to lecture on female thriftleseness and disregard of costs. And you are a fair sample of your whole class of humbug Jeremiahs.

heman—whom he swore in the presence of homan—whom he swore in the presence of homan with the probable of the the probabl

offences? Let them begin by upbraiding the Hand that spreads their exquisite tints upon the lily and the rose; that decks the autumn forests with their sorgeous draperies of a thousand dyes; that carpets the valleys with their soft, rich voivet of eye-refreshing green, and mingles the deep, dark blue of the empyrean vault in old ocean's majestic waves; that spangles the azure mantle of the universe with golden stars, and implants their wondrous corruscating fires in the opal's and the diamond's heart; that teaches the sun's artist fingers to paint the evening skies with all the liquid hues of a million shattered prisms; that bestows his changeful coat on the chameleon, and casts the roseate flush of early morning on the mountain-tons and glassy lakes; that encircles the frowing brow of heaven with the glittering rainbow coronet, and hangs the wendrously blazing aurora borealie lamps upon the northern pole.

God's hand does it. He is the source, the fountain of all beauty in heaven, earth, sea, and air. To Him give praise for every lovely, pleasing, enchanting thing in all creation's bounds. He made it to give happiness. Away with the grumblers and growlers, the solemn-phitzed moral and spiritual hypechondriaes, who would mar one beautiful entity, who would prevent one step by which our world may be beautifuled and beatified. Away with the canting niggards who would throw a straw in the path of the loveliest subluary being, the masterplece of Deitr's handiwork, in any effort to add to her attractiveness.

Dear girl and woman readers, dress as you please. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that, for you will be pretty apt to do it anyhow. Heed not the silly driveilings or ill-natured ravings of mean-souled tasteless would-be critics. When they selp at your attention to decoration, aniffle over the folly and uselessness of dress, and sneer at milliners and mantua makers, not the direct beauty and should have a stray their costuming? Strip all mankind, and who do who? Who would know anybody from any-body else? Subjects.

And may God—the God of leveliness and beauty—bless you all, and give you husbands able and willing to gratify your every wish and whim—amen! a-women!—is the Easter prayer

P. DONAN.

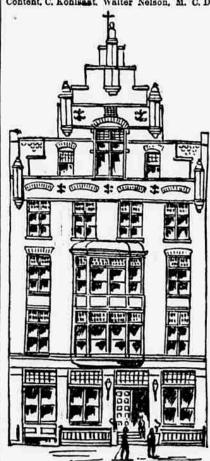
of P. S.—If the husbands cannot be found elsewhere, Dakota can furnish ten thousand of them on a sight draft any time.

DEVIL'S LAKE, Dakota, April 25.

THE EXCHANGE CLUB.

An Exclusive and Quiet Enting Pinco Amid the Whirl of Down Town.

The old four-story brick building at 67 New street, that used to be a whiskey rectifying establishment, has pretty nearly finished evoluting into a first-class club house, and on or about the 15th of June will be occupied by the Exchange Club. This is a new and seemingly very popular organization composed of members of the Stock and Produce Exchanges, bankers, lawyers, railway men, and others doing business in and about the financial centre. Among its members are to be noted M. E. de Rivas, Leonard Hazeltine, Homer Lee, Ed Kemeys, W. C. Floyd Jones, Vanderbilt Allen, J. D. Smith, J. Van Schaick, L. G. Quin-in, Austin P. Baidwin, Radeliffe Baldwin, Noah Content, C. Kohisast, Walter Nelson, M. C. D.



Borden, O. D. Baldwin, Vernon H. Brown, J. Rogers Maxwell, A. V. de Golcouria, W. F. Connor, Fordyce D. Barker, Franklin Edson, George M. Pullman, H. L. Horton, H. O. Armour, J. R. Dos Passos, Pope C. Teff, N. L. Wilse, H. J. Callar, Hawell Calvary, B. Callar, Hawell Calvary, B. C.

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The Stock Exchange affords more members than the Produce Exchange, though the latter is well represented. Up to the early part of this week 433 out of the 500 original memberships had been filled, and long before the club house is ready for occupancy there will be no more vacancies. These original members pay \$75 initiation and \$25 dues in advance, which gives the club a respectably solid start of \$50,000 to go on, with great possibilities from the late comera, who, after the \$500 are taken in, will have to pay \$150 for initiation. After this year the annual dues. It is expected, will be raised to \$50, and, even supposing that no new members are added, \$4000 a year ought to go a good way toward from the late of the start of \$5000 are taken in, will have to pay \$150 for initiation. After this year the annual dues, it is expected, will be raised to \$50, and, even supposing that no new members are added, \$4000 a year ought to go a good way toward from the late of the start of

THE TOWN'S CAR DRIVERS. An Aged Negro Tells of His Success With

SPECIMENS OF THE MEN WHO HAN-DLE THE LINES AND THE BRAKE.

The Third Avenue Driver of the New Die pensation-The Naity Colomus of the B Line-Nimble Bleecker Street-Others.

The car driver as a factor of city life has recently developed certain powers formerly quite unsuspected. People hall him at the street corner with a very definite respect born of the knowledge that in those same horny hands which hold the reins and brake is also held the power to check the wheels of the town's industry at a given word. He has suddealy come very prominently into notice. He is no longer looked upon as a part of the car, like the brake or the automatic register of fares. He is even recognized as something more than the brains and directing intelligence of the centaur. He is, in fact, in every one's mind, and every body knows how, by patient organization and cooperation with his fellows, he has the power of 21,000 men at his back. This is quite enough to secure a recognition.

A ride about town over the several horse car lines reveals some types of the car driver that are interesting. As the newest variety, the green drivers on the Third avenue cars may first command attention. Most of them have, up to within a few weeks, been peddlers, town loungers, clerks, or tramps. They are apparently an under-fed lot of men, many of them bearing the stamp of shabby gentility, whose experiences with the world have not been such as to fit them for the rude buffets of metropolitan life. A haunted and anxious expression of things.



No one who notices with what absent-minded grace and utter abandon the veteran car driver nandles his team and controls the brake, up hill and down, through the crowded maze of West street, for instance, can fall to observe that to the untried driver on his first trip down Third avenue, street railroading presents new and unsuspected difficulties. The team is under way, the grade descends, and the car goes bobbing and testering gayly along. The vind whistles through the locks of the new driver, and he has a vague notion that in some way he must contrive to take a reef in his manish. He should takes him in the abdoman. He narrowly escapes plunging head
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passengers in the ear lirch forward and madir
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an mainsail. He gives the brake a twist, and the reaction of the handle takes him in the abdomen. He narrowly escapes plunging head foremost over the dashboard, and the standing



young man with a light wagon, compared to the drivers of the penderous two-horse cars, and when he stops to take the ladies aboard he stops like a cowboy at full gallop; that is, he jerks his horse and car clear back on their haunches. It requires some skill to ride in a bobtail.

Looking down Broadway from any eminence the yellow cars with which Mr. Sharp is associated form an almost unbroken line from the Battery to the Park. The drivers who bear an unmistakably commercial air are robust and good natured, and quite unburdened with any concern as to who really owns the charter under which they run. Progress with them is a matter of fits and starts. A truck or a cab is always ahead of them, and six or eight citizens smoking on the front platform invariably back the driver up. "Come, Petey, now; don't be all day," sings out Mr. Sharp's agent to the truckman ahead of him, and when he is violently snubbed for his pains he laughs and leers the obstructionist until every one is good-natured and the way is clear.

The Sixth avenue men are perhaps the most allert and practised to look in more directions at once than any others. Their way lies through a great shopping thorough fare where women stand regularly on each of the four corners of a crossing street and are liable to pop out from every shop door along the route with such bundles in their arms that no driver could have the heart to noint remorselessly to the distant corner. They take them as they come.

The Eighth and Second avenue Phaetons somewhat resemble these, though they have not the air of such intimate association with capitalists as must inevitably mark the driver for the fashiouable shoppers of the Sixth.

But the dudes of all the drivers are found on the Fourth avenue. This is due to the fact that the old aristocratic character impressed upon it which makes itself felt both inside and outside of the cars. The Fourth avenue, perhaps, carries more children than any other line, and its drivers are the swells of their calling.

It is left to the imaginati

newal of the "Faace Preservation act" will confer no additional power on Mr. Gladstone's Government. This act is now in force, and has been since its last enactment, twenty years are, and renewed since as a matter of course by different Parisments when near the end of the disvious term.

The thoughton term has the full power at the present moment, as they're had since the formation of the moment, as they're had since the formation of the moment, as they're had since the formation of the resemble magnetizate of ireland are nearly all anti-thome riders, and it is to them the power as early all members of the Orange lodges. To remove these gentlethen from the commission of the peace would be breessary as a preliminary siep. Will Mr. Gladstone's Government removes these parties magnetizates?

Yours respectfully.

GEN. JACKSON'S HORSE RACE.

the Grent Runner Pacolet.

Cuscowillia, Va., May 8 .- Uncle Robin had een for many years the factorum of his master's family. He not only bossed the other slaves, but the overseers and younger children of the family stood in wholesome fear of his threatening frown. He had sole charge of the stables, which contained not only the farm stock but the riding and driving horses of the family. He also superintended a long double row of log stables containing the racing stud of his master. His cabin was a log house with massive stone chimneys at each end and a porch in front, covered with woodbine and African honeysuckle, surrounded by a grove of white oak and hickory trees, the trunks of which Uncle Robin kept whitewashed. There was a vegetable garden of half an acre enclosed by pine slabs with a hogshead hoop natied to each gate postover which the family hop vine was trained in its spring growth. The garden was the special care of Aunt Aggy, or "Mammy," as she was called by all the lamily. In it she had the earliest lettuce and radishes in the spring, and the first potatoes, sizing up to a goose egg, before the great house garden could show them as large as a hen's egg. Her floors were scoured with sand, and rubbed dry with a sluck brush. This brush would be a spectacle to many people now. It was made by boring two-inch auger holes through a piece of oak, about fifteen inches long, four thick and ten broad. The corn shucks were forced through these holes, leaving the ends out on the lower side. A handle was put through a slanting hole. The brush was used to polish the floor after scouring. which Uncle Robin kept whitewashed. There

side. A handle was put through a stanting hole. The brush was used to poish the floor after scouring.

The beds were nice and clean, and the general appearance of overything showed Mammy's good housewifery. When the young fells came down from the house it was against Mammy's ideas of good manners for them to leave before she had fixed them a snack. In spring it was a Weish rarebit, one whose luscious flavor will never be forgetten. Memory recalls the trim figure of good old Mammy, clad in her homespun plaid and white cap ruffled around her dusky face, as with quiet dignity she opened the bottom door of the cupboard and took out her shining frying pan, into which she dropped a lump of butter, to which, when melted, she poured from a bine-edged plate, finely cut cheese. Then, as the cheese softened, she would pour from a dish her beaten eggs, stirring in some herbs, and by the time the ash cakes were done a lunch fit for the palate of a king was passed around in the pan—"to keep it warm," she said. Each one had a cup of cool, sweet milk from her jug, which she kept in the spring, and the importuous velocity of youth furnished such appetites that the pan was always sopped by some hungry youngster.

Daddy had been provident and had saved

milk from her jug, which she kept in the spring, and the impetuous velocity of youth flarnished such appetites that the pan was always sopped by some hungry youngster.

Daddy had been provident and had saved over \$2,000, which his master kept invosted for him. He reckoned on living like a gentleman in his old age. The end of the war, however, found his master many thousands of dollars behind his obligations. His lands were sold to men who had in early life received their start from him. They now showed the crushed man no favor. He was ordered to leave, and with him went Daddy and Mammy. Death soon came to his relief.

Uncle Robin got work at \$5 per month, good wages then, His employer was a hard man, and, after two years' work, Uncle Robin concluded to change. His next venture was for part of the crop. He says that the crop was a very good one, but his part was not enough to live on. An old friend of his former owner told him that he would give him ten acres of land to be paid for ashe could make the money, and that he might occupy it, rent free, during the joint lives of himself and wife. The land was grown up in eid field pines. Uncle Robin cut down and hewed logs for a double cabin, and by the aid of friends built his house. His struggles were pitiful, living, as he did, in a community purely agricultural. His noonday meal was frequently a very small ashcake and a gourd of water. There is so much of pathos in the lives of these old people that a reader beyond the Potomac would read a true biography in a stonishment. Sympathy for the old people has induced me to dwell longer upon their lives than will probably be agreeable to a casual reader, but there are few neighborhoods from the Potomac to the Guiff where there is not a counterpart of Uncle Robin. The reminiscences of the old man are rich and varied. Among others he tells of a race he once saw in Tennessee in which two very prominent men figured.

You see, sar, ho says, old marster use ter sen' me ahedo' him wid de hoases, and I takes de road wid a boy on

de groun' an' says. Boys, I be damn if we ain't got him.

"Bob be see him take off his hat and 'members his 'structions, and he tetch Pacolet wid his spur and loosin' de rein a lootie, and as he done dat it war de prettyest site I 'members in all my life. Pacolet flung out his head and lifted his great gray tail ober his back twill you couldn't see Bob's cap—cobered him 'tirely out o' sight—and went home leadin' de faborite outside de distance pole.

"Den dere come mitey nigh bean a big fuss."
De owner ob de udder hoss war bilein' mad, and sed dat dey mout o' bin satisfide to beat his hoss widout disgracin' him. He and de ole Gineri war about to hang when Clay runned down, he did, and tole dem how he had 'structed Bob and how he got 'scited and 'twas all his fault onintenshuel.

De ole Gineri got eben dat day for all he had dun loss, and I spec fer more dan he uver did lose arterwards."

Anti-Home Rule Mugistrates in Ireland. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The re-newal of the "Peace Preservation act" will confer no

THE CITY'S NEW FIRE HALL.

A LOFTY BUILDING WITH ALL SORTS OF CONVENIENCES INSIDE.

The Life Savers' Quarters and their Gymnasium Out Back-The Rooms of the Commis-sloners and the Various Sub-Departments

The new Fire Department Headquarters building, on Sixty-seventh street, near Third avenue, now nearing completion, is one of the handsomest and most imposing edifices of its size in the city. Its front is only fifty feet in width, rather a narrow space for architectural



In each, six of which are grouped in threes. The odd window in each story is in the tower front, and the space between it did the others does much to accentuate that impression of tower form already remarked.

In the high mansard roof are two great double windows, surrounded by carved brown stone, round arched, with diaper work filling in the space up to the top of the pointed pediment over each group. The crest of the mansard is 98 feet above the curb. Beyond that, the tower rises until the extreme point of its finial is at an altitude of 160 feet from the sidewalk. Some day in the future there may be put upon this point an electric flash-light to give signals at night when the telegraphic communications of the department may be out of order, but as yet there is no money to pay for an electric light plant, and little present consideration will be given to the remote contingency of its establishment.

The first story of the tower, open on four sides, will be the belifty. Each opening is 12 feet 8 inches high by 5 feet 8 inches wide. In front is a stone balcony. At the corners are gargoyle heads, boldly chiselled. Above this is still another balcony, the supporting brackets and railings of which are of fron, with huma projecting stone shields carves between the brackets. At a height of 25 feet above the mansard's top is the observatory, 16 feet 6 inches by 17 feet 6 inches in extent. It is of iron, treated as fron. At each corner will be, when it is finished, an effigy of a sprightly griffin or dragon, or some other gay surprise from the heraldic or poetic menageries, executed in copper. Higher than this lookout will be nothing but a siender spire, covered with siste, pierced by a window on each side, and surmounted by a copper finial.

As to the manner in which the occupancy of this building will be apportioned out and what its interior arrangements will be, the old Engine Company 39 and a new truck company that is to be organized will have the ground floor for their apparatuses and stables, and the next floor

provided with every required appliance for practical use and comfort.

On the third floor the Fire Commissioners private rooms will occupy the entire front. The partitions separating them and dividing them from the great room designed for the cierical force will be of oak, in handsome panels. to a height of seven feet from the floor, with glass above to the ceiling. The dopth of the Commissioners' rooms is eighteen feet. Their widths vary. On the east side, beyond the staircase and elevator since, are lireproof vaults, 7 by 20 feet, for the safe keeping of the records of the department, and still further back the tollet rooms.

The Building Bureau will occupy the fourth story, the private rooms of the Superintendent and attorney being in front, and all the rest of the great space—excepting the small portion set apart for tollet rooms—devoted to the numerous clerks, inspectors, &c., in this branch of the department. The building here, back of the elevator shaft, is narrowed nine feet, to secure light and ventilation by windows along the east side in this story and those above.

The Bureau of Combustibles will have sufficient space in the front nart of the fifth story, and behind it will be the school of the Life Saving Corps. Here also will be the room of the department's medical examiner. Good provision is made here for spray and other baths for the use mainly of the life savers, who will want such conveniences after their violent drill exercises on the back wall and with the symnastic apparatus in the yard—50 by 98 feet in extent—behind the building.

More than half of the sixth story will be given up to the telegraph department. The Superintendent's private rooms will be in the southeast corner. Then there will be a big battery room and an instrument room 38 feet deep by 41 feet wide. The rest of this story will be battery room and an instrument room 38 feet deep by 41 feet wide. The rest of this story will be set apart for the uses of the fire Marshai and his sassistant. All the telegraphic wires of the depa

ascending or descending by the elevator, which will be a big one—6 feet 6 inches square—or by the long, stoping, easy main stairs in the front of the building. The life savers will, of course, only care to go up or down by means of ladders swinging from window to window or by rapes, to keen themselves in practice. And as for real danger from lire, that hardly seems among the possibilities. The wails are all stanchly built of brick, stone, and from Iron columns are either double, with air spaces between the inner and outer ones, or are covered with terra coita. The floors are laid on concrete and the partitions—excepting the light ones in the third story—are of fire-proof blocks. There will scarcely be enough inflammable material anywhere to get up a respectable firs, and no fair chances for a fire when started to do much damage.

The entire cost of the building will only be about \$160,000, and it is claimed for it that it will be when completed the chargest building of its character, size, and quality in the city.

. THE WHISTLING BUOY.

Along Shore Don't Like to Hear It.

A painting in the hydrographic office represented a wild jumble of breaking waves. on which a big red buoy was riding, with a low stretch of treeless sand dunes in the distance. When the hydrographic officer saw a visitor looking at the picture, he said: "Jack has always been a superstitious mor-

tal, but if, in the days when ocean navigation

was new, he had happened to bring to alongside of a terror which haunts the ocean in these days he would have been frightened quite to the verge of insanity, if not to death. "A number of years ago the Spanish ship St. Jago was trying to beat up to this port, having been blown across the Gulf Stream by a cyclone that caught her when she wasn't sixty miles from the capes. There was a light breeze on that kept her fairly steady over the long rollers, although the sails would occasionally shake and roar when the vessel gave an unusual plunge. It was soon after changing the watch at midnight that one of the men slipped aft and told the mate that something was making a queer noise a little on the lee bow. The mate

spinners. It was soon after channing the watch
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The new Administration is boyouting the women in the departments. There are fewer female clerks in the Government employ now than at any period for several years, and as fast as the old clerks go out their places are filled by men. It has been found by experience that women pass better civil service examinations than men, and a large proportion of the applicants whose high standing is certified to by the Commissioners are of the conting and less husiness. We have the continuous c

into men, and a large proportion of the applicants whose high standling is certified to by the Commissioners are of the gentier and less business-like sex.

When the head of a department sends notice over to the Civil Service Commissioners that a vacancy exists in his department, they send him back the names of four persons highest on the list. In nearly every case at least two of the persons so certified are women, and sometimes three out of the four. The head of the department can select any one of the four names he choosest but if none of the four names is satisfactory he can send over to the Commissioners for more names, lie can thus keep trying until her for more insues, lie can thus keep trying until her for more insues, lie can thus keep trying until her for more insues, lie can thus keep trying until her for more insues, lie can thus keep trying until her for more insues, lie can thus keep trying until her for more insues, lie can thus keep trying until her for more insues, lie can thus keep trying until her for more insues, lie to the department of the list of the list may have contemplated.

The officials generally say that the women clerks are objectionable chiefly because they have little or no knowledge of the husiness methods and are really lacknown to the form of the public service as men. They are absent more frequently from their costs, they suffer absent more frequently from their costs, they suffer absent more frequently from their costs. as well adapted to the public service as more exception as well adapted to the public service as men. They are absent more frequently from their posts, they suffer more from sickness, and they take less kindly to the service discipline of a well-organized office than men. Perhaps the prejudice of these officials is unreasoning; but it states, and it has been streadly growing for the last three of four years. If will result beyond a doubt in remember the number of women in the public service to a minimum.

CIVIL WAR HISTORY

THE ALABAMA AND THE KEARSARGE

Errors in Recent Statements Contradicted. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: In the April number of the Century Magazine appeared the long-looked-for articles on the Alabama. which attracted notice rather from the expectation of their containing new developments of an already well-understood story of the war than from any hope that what was already known would be correctly stated by Northern writers. As one of the Alabama's officers, who served on board her whole cruise, it is not out of place for me to correct some of the gross errors which the sailor's story wiltully, and the Doctor's through hearsay, are more or less full of, and between which Capt. Kell's direct and truthful narrative was sandwiched and shrouded by some curious stories and pictures, which have amused those who were present on the misrepresentation of the history of the Alsbanna that it has excited surprise that reputable journal like the Century should permit such a tissue of statements, worse than errors, to have a place in what is supposed to be a history—even through pictoria—of the civil war. The man's name, Haywood, is unfamiliar to me, and if it be merely a nom de plane, he has done the most decent thing he could to hids his identity when tolling such stories about his ship. If he was a sallor on the vessel, his account at once convicts him of a treacherous record; and if he is writing from hearsay, he has simply been paid for an elaborate series of forecastic inventions unterly without truth. Nor can my memory refer me to any one on board whose career was so bad, except the man Forrest, as to have tried to traduce the record of the ship. The article would not have been considered worth notice had not the Pall Mad Garetle judged from that account harship of the discipline on the Alabama, and thus treated in the pall when the truth of the considered worth notice had not the Pall Mad Garetle judged from that account harship of the hardly knows how to deny them; and the well-known record of the Alabama's work in every phase of her career is the best commentary on such trush as the sallor has put forth. It is difficult to understand why such accounts were cublished, except on the ground of enduring malice on the part of some Northern writers and readers, owing to the great damage wrought on the high seas by the Alabama; and when it is known that the editor of the magazine desired Capt. Rel, in his article, not to let the bittorness of the pass be introvenium; and readers, owing to the great damage wrought on the high seas by the Alabama; and when it is known that the editor of the magazine desired Capt. Rel, in his article, not to let the bittorness of the pass be introvenium from the part of the capture of the conduction of the conductor of the condu scene. The story of the sailor is such a vulgar misrepresentation of the history of the Alabama that it has excited surprise that a reputable journal like the Century should permit such

the great satisfaction of getting Capt. Semmes and others.

The results of the fight of the Alabama were adverse for very simple reasons, as stated by Capt. Kell: the damaged condition of the powder, the efficient pinting of the Kearsarge, and the foul bottom which injured the Alabama's speed. In fact, like all other important disasters to the Confederacy, it was the result of want of resources in material which the greatest skill and heroism could not cope with. There is nothing but favorable report to make of the condition of the Kearsarge after the light, and the treatment of prisoners and wounded men taken on board was all that medical attention and courtesy could have desired.

Erancis L. Galtz.

Upperville P. O., Fauquier Co., Va.

Filling Up the Harbor.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: It is not necessary to go to Sandy Hook for evidence of dumping abuses in the harhor. On the night of May 12, at 11:55 o'clock, the writer saw the driver of a milk wagon bearog the name Geo. E. L. Eginton, 570 Hudson brow several old milk cans from the deck of a Penneylthrow several old mik cans from the deck of a Pennsylvania Kalirond ferryboat at Desbrosses atreet into the river at the entrance to the slip. Expostulation with the fellow was of no avail, and the facility with which he chucked the cans over indicated that he was not a new hand as it. The fact can be verified, if the proper proceeding authorities think it worth while to peniar the offender.

W. B. Z.

# **Eczema**

Is more commonly known as Salt Rheum. It is caused by impure blood, is accompanied with intense litching and burning sensations, and, unless properly treated, is likely to afflict its victim for years. If you are suffering from Eczema, or any other eruptive disease, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has proved, in numberless instances, a

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# sore, crack open, and bleed. The use of

Ayer's Sar saparilla saparilla has entirely cured me of this troublesome humor.—BLLEN ASHWORTH, Evanaton, Wyoming used it, and speak from experience to the same of the same o Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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I am confident a cure will result therefrom. I have used it, and speak from experience.-F. O. LORING. Brockton, Mass.

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